

Chino XL "Wordsmith"

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WORDSMITH

It's crazy...

(CHORUS)

Perfection

flawless

masterpiece, no mistakes

Back in the 1800s I was burned at the stake

Metaphor Mephistopheles,

Degrees I've achieved

The brain fluid it takes to believe

would equal the seven seas

I could reveal the true name of God

But you would go insane upon hearing in

Release enough winds to

blow down pyramids

I'm the Michelangelo of syllable

Since I freestyle

Genesis been biblical

That's something you got to give in to

(Verse I)

Since born in my mama's vaginal sauna

As a sonogram, I've been fond of phonics

It's ironic, even as an embryonic

Fed through an umbilical

don't that sound biblical?

I've been a terror

Since I teareth out of the uterus

Because evil plans were made to defeat us

As a fetus

Though now I walk in infamy

As a child they had it in for me

Was raised with guns in infantry

In diapers and in infancy

The childhood of a hood

that was raised in the hood

Cops said "put your hands in the hot sky"

I put my hands down on the hot hood

I can't whine or drink wine

Nine planets planned it

Â'Til it became apparent
My parents shouldn't have been a parent
State to state we ran some
I wasn't worth no ransom
Money, won't you hand some?
A nigga wasn't handsome
Raise the mind like Charles Manson's
New I was some man's son
But which one?
That made me strong
created my poison tongue...

CHORUS

(Verse II)

Why you cut school?
Cause you ain't feel too good
I cut school
cause my cuts ain't heal too good
Through all the physical abuse
My mind escaped
through the gift of wordplay
I memorized encyclopaedias and dictionaries
I wrote anthems from antonyms
Harmonies from homonyms
Created cinema from synonyms
Was livid to eliminate
that illustrious life you're livin' in
Wrote rhetorical in rhythms
I could paralyze with a parable
Made rhymes out of religion
Use a prefix as a crucifix
Or suffocate you with a suffix
Wrote lectures so infectious
They're known to infect the listeners
Who dissin' us?
Yo punks you wait - I punctuate
My karma's the comma
That put you inside of a coma
Hyphen, semi-colon, dot, dot
Leave you semi-swollen
Question: You pregnant?
Oh you're not? I love you, Period.

To sum it up, language is my essence
Fucked up in all my adolescence
Till my Mom's was out of lessons
Laws, I store convenient
Still I rob a convenience store
Love Mom, Fuck Mom,
Shit, I don't love me no more

Mentally it didn't register, bitch
Empty the register, bitch
You just a cashier, bitch
Give the cash, here
Or I'll shoot you in your cabbage
Hijack a getaway cab, bitch
Words ain't makin' me no loot
Don't change now Dow Jones average
Regardless, we're Godless
They stole my innocence
In a sense, the judge sentenced me
To 3 lifetimes sentences
To put my life in times and sentences
Art my dark archnemesis
They want me off the premises
That's what the premise is
Locked on a tier
where you can't shed a tear at
I studied more Shakespeare
Than any African can shake a spear at
And the whole world fears that
And it hurts
I got caught for killing time
But then I got with words

CHORUS

(Bridge)

People can say whatever they want about me
But agree that I am the Wordsmith
They can try to ignore everything that I've achieved
But agree that I am the Wordsmith
I am the Wordsmith
The love of words is deep in my brain
Must be to silence my pain
I am the Wordsmith

(Verse III)

I'm in a game full of morons
And they keep putting more on
I tutor the Torah
I'm in the core of the Quran
The mind's what I represent
And mine's better re-present
I'm taking this rappin' bullshit
to the fullest extent
I have reservations
why Indians are on reservations
Told that board of education
I was bored of education
As far as this go

I leave you deader than Disco
Rocking sex and violence
Over sax and violins
Through your minds camera lens
You're in need of an ambulance
I'll knock you to the asphalt
It's your own ass fault
Your last thought
I'll never sell my self short to be famous
And taking it up the anus just ain't us
The world could get the penis
Of this classically trained pianist
My P.O. was p.o.'d
Handed me a cup, told me to "pee in this"
The linguist musician
My college position is that my intuition
Told me I wouldn't be affordin' tuition
My education's all on my own
I might have been born yesterday
But I rhyme like there's no tomorrow...

CHORUS

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